Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1867. NO. 19.

MISCELLANY.

My Cousins.

BY H. W.

I was at home at last, after ten years of wandering; at home, yet alone in the world. Though I had everything except friends, I would have given all for some thing to love, some one to love me. A stranger in my native place, and still an invalid from the effect of a terrible fever which had lately prostrated me, I dreaded living in the old house, occupied only by servants.

I had an uncle in the West of England whom I had not seen since a child. He had married a widow with two little girls. I wondered if he had yet room in his heart to find a place for the nephew he used to love. I longed to be among friends, and thought I might find them in Uncle James and his family. I wrote to him, inviting myself to go down a short time, adding that I would start that very day. In truth I was afraid to wait for an answer, lest some troublesome circumstance should shut me up at home. But when fairly on my way, I troubled myself somewhat about my probable reception, and devoutly hoped the two little girls would be no annoyance.

It was night when I arrived. Uncle James met me with a hearty greeting at the station, and, after a short drive, ushered me into the drawing-room, and introduced me to his wife and two daughters.

Mrs Gray, Uncle James' wife, was a fair-looking woman, of soft and pleasant speech, and won my heart immediately by her gentle motherly ways. Bel, the eldest daughter, was a tall, graceful girl, with a fair complexion, clear, dark eyes, and beautiful hands that toyed gracefully with the knitting she seemed to be intent on I could not help watching them. Indeed I was much taken up by thoughts of Bel, that I scarcely bestowed a second glance upon Ethel, the second daughter, who need not have been contrasted with Bel's beauty to be called plain. At supper, which was soon announced, *I* could but notice the difference between the two. Ethel was not only plain, but exceedingly awkward, while Bel was the embodiment of grace. Uncle James and Aunt Mary talked to me about my travels, my lonely return, and other things; but I,m sure I couldn't have repeated a word the next moment, so perfectly engrossed was I by the beautiful eldest daughter.

The heat of the summer was gone, and it was the pleasantest time in the year for the long, delightful rambles we took over the field and hill. Ethel scarcely ever accompanied us; but one day we had all been rambling in the wood that skirted Round Pond, a beautiful sheet of water that lay near my uncle's residence; and as we strolled homeward we stopped to look over the bank into its quiet depths

"Oh!" said Bel, "do you see those beautiful flowers further down on the bank? How fresh and bright they look! Can you not get some?"

"Oh! Bel, it's dangerous," said Ethel. "The bank is steep, and he would be sure to fall.".

Before Ethel had finished her remonstrance I was half way down, holding by the hanging branches, and grasping for the flowers. The bank was not only steep, but there was no firm foothold on it. I slipped and fell.

* * * * *

I awoke, and lay languidly on my pillow, without wish or power to raise my head. Suddenly voices in the next room met my ear, and I could but hear what they were saying

"Do, Bel, go in and stay with him while I help mother finish this," said Ethel; "for I'm afraid he may need something."

"Pooh! he will not know it if he does," replied Bel. "He is delirious How can I read in there, and he all the time raving about somebody or other?"

"Oh! for shame Bel!" said Ethel. "You know he means you. When he is well, you were glad to lay by your book, interesting as it might be, for him."

"Of course," said Bel: "and shall be again, when he comes to his senses. He is rich, and worth putting up one's book for. But if you think I'm going in there to read now, you are mistaken; so go yourself, if you're afraid to leave him alone."

I heard a soft footfall in my room, then some one bent over me (I had shut my eyes as though sleeping), and close to my forehead was bent a soft cheek—moist too! It was only for a moment, but it thrilled me, knowing those tears had fallen for me.

As she turned to go noiselessly out, I opened my eyes. Yes, it was Ethel gliding softly away. I heard her say as she entered the other apartment, "Oh, Bel! he is sleeping sweetly. I am so thankful! Now I'll help mother finish her work and then I'll come and sit by him while he sleeps."

"No, you needn't," said Bel. "I'll go and change my dress and arrange my my hair, and go myself Perhaps he will know us when he wakes."

Then I slept, and when I opened my eyes again, I saw Aunt Mary and the girls sitting in the room at work.

Aunt Mary came to my bed and laid her hand on my forehead, saying tenderly. "You have been ill a long time, but you are better now, and must be very careful. Do not talk, but let every thing rest till you are a little stronger."

I was going to ask some question with regard to my illness, but shut my lips again and kept quiet; but my gaze wandered to Bel, who sat near me. She raised her beautiful eyes, full of tears, from her work, and smiled, then drooped her long lashes again, and worked on quietly. *I* did not watch the soft white, flitting hands as it had once been my joy to do, but my glance wandered to the window where Ethel sat, and though she did not raise her eyes, I watched her as she worked. Her face, it seemed to me, was thiner and paler than I had ever seen it, but her light brown hair was brushed back in the same glossy waves from her forehead. I fell asleep watching her, and dreamed she was trying to pull me out of the water; but Bel held her back, and kept calling on me to get her some flowers which I could not reach.

Several weeks past, during which I gained strength rapidly. Bel was all attention, and was always alone with me in the forenoon. Once it would have filled me with joy to have her near me: now I cared no more for her than I should for a waxen doll, and I hailed the afternoon with pleasure, for it always brought Aunt Mary and Ethel. One of the girls read aloud, and thus the hours passed very pleasantly.

At last I was able to go about again. The leaves had all fallen, and every thing looked blank and drear out of doors. I told them one morning, as we sat at breakfast, that I must soon go home.

Aunt Mary and Uncle James protested that I should stay with them all the winter. Bel also begged me to stay. Ethel said nothing, and I did not dare to look at her to read what I hoped her face expressed. I thanked them all, but did not say whether I would stay.

"If I return alone, Uncle James, it will be because Ethel wills it Say, Ethel, must I go back alone, or will you go with me?"

She raised her beautiful eyes, but they could not bear my look of admiration and love, and she bent her head over on the table and sobbed aloud. In another moment we were alone, and I went and leaned over her and laid my hand upon her head.

"Ethel, Ethel, do not mind what I said. Forget it. Do not distress yourself, because you give me pain. If you do not love me I can go away, and you must forget all about it."

Up, like a flash, came the sunny brown head, and a broad, beautiful smile flashed over her face.

"But I do love you, Cousin Gerald. What then?"

I began to see how matters stood. I caught her in my arms, that I might look at her attentively. She bore the scrutiny, blushing and smiling through her tears.

I will not attempt to tell the many foolish things I said and did—for, what matters it? We were married, and went home before the snow fell; and the dreary old house has a new aspect since the sunshine has been flitting through its large dark rooms. Love is a wonderful beautifier, they say: and Ethel, too, has grown pretty beneath its magic influence. Her hair lies in the same shining waves across her forehead, and her happy, cheerful face beams with undying beauty. Her smooth, white, shapely hands could bear comparison even with Bel's. But do I love my little darling better for that? No, indeed! I love her because she is a true, affectionate woman, my own "pearl of price." God bless my Ethel!

The Horrors of the Nurembourg Castle.

Carleton writes to the Boston Journal from Nurembourg, Bavaria:

"Come with me to this old town, enter some of these edifices and look upon the administration of government as it was in the 16th and 17th centuries. We enter one of the towers of the castle, descend five steps and find ourselves in a museum, where are preserved the books of record-giving us a history of the past; and not only books, but implements and instruments, which show more clearly than written words the administration of those days, with which the government of the United States is now compared. Here is a post four feet high in the center of the room, with two curious fixtures on the top, having some resemblance to gun locks

What is this? The girl who acts as an usher raises the hammer which comes up with a click. She touches a spring and down they go, with a snap that startles you—forced down by strong springs with a whack that would have smashed your fingers to a jelly had they been under the hammer. This is a finger-crusher, a delicate little instrument used to extort confessions from reluctant witnesses or suspected criminals. Here are bracelets for the wrists, not of gold or silver, but of iron, and the parts which touch the wrists are studded with needles. Put them on your arm and turn a screw and they close upon the flesh the needles piercing through cords, tendons, flesh and bones. It is one degree more excruciating than crushing the fingers.

Here is a head dress—a crown which has been worn by many men and women. It has sharp knives which cut through the scalp to the skull. Here are chairs and weights to hold your feet to the floor and pulleys to draw your head at the same time to the ceiling. Here is a bench of solid oak, with a corrugated surface, upon which many men have been laid, held down by cords, to undergo the kneading process, and that rolling-pin, knotty and knobby, also of oak, which lies upon the table, has been rolled backward and forward over the naked forms of men and women, kneading live flesh to bloody dough. Time and space would fail me were I to enumerate the instruments of torture here, or to set forth their uses. We can only look at the cradle—a huge trough of oak on rockers—the bottom and sides thickly set with pins, in which many victims have been rocked to death. Think of lying on a bed of oaken pins, rolling to the right, to the left—always against pins—till the flesh becomes livid jelly. Here is a string of oaken beads, each head sixteen-sided, about as large as hickory nuts. This was for sawing off arms and legs.

Here is an instrument shaped like a pear. It is of iron, but to all appearance a harmless thing. But just take it for a gentle pull at the string attached to the stem of the pear, and it will be no longer a pear but a full blown lilly—an iron lilly unfolding its leaves so suddenly and violently that your jaws are forced open till the joints crack in the sockets, while the delicate petals become pincers, which grasp your tongue. No outcry now. No utterance of words. No screaming to raise the neighborhood. Moans and sighs only from the sufferer. One twitch of the string and the tongue is torn out by the roots.

We must leave this museum without mentioning the hundreds of curiosites. We go into the court-yard, stopping a moment to pluck a leaf from a lime tree which was in full vigor 700 years ago, and then we enter another door descend a longer flight of stairs to dark, dismal dungeons, where no light ever falls except through narrow, iron grated windows. Here are ladders with windlasses and pullies, on which victims were stretched till bones snapped, till joints leaped from their sockets, and cords and tendons were torn asunder. Here are racks and wheels, pillories and stocks, whips and manacles. This was the place of torture. We leave these and creep through a narrow passage, through doorway after doorway, and reach at last, far under ground, far beneath all sight and sound of the other world a darker dungeon. This is the room of the *Iron Maiden.*

Here is a statue or image—a maiden with a head upon her head, an iron ruffle around her neck, enveloped in an iron cloak. Suddenly the folds of the cloak are thrown open and by the dim light of the candle you see the lining of the garment is set with sharp spikes. Take one step forward and the folds enclose you, iron spikes pierce your body and into your eye-balls, clear through the vertebra they penetrate. Not a quick embrace, but slowly you are enfolded, one turn of the screw, just enough to penetrate the flesh just enough to touch the apple of the quivering eye; then after an age of anguish, another turn and a hundred spikes reach a little nearer the nerves; and then as heat thirst and fever rack the body, another gentle turn and another age of torture; and then one more advance of the spikes towards the vitals till death comes on, and the maiden, unfolding her arms, drops her victim through a trap door, —down—down into unknown depth! We drop a pebble and hear the faint splash of waters far beneath.

Here is a skull Anatomists say it is the skull of a female. You may put your fingers into the holes where the spikes which entered the eyes come through! No name on record. God only has the book of remembrance.

We think of this dungeon as connected with the barbarism of the middle ages; but we are not removed from those days of rigorous administration of law. Till Napoleon with his legions of France came across the Rhine, overthrowing all obstacles this iron maiden held out her arms to receive offenders against the law. On the approach of the French army in 1803, the Virgin, as it is called, with other of the instruments of torture, were thrown into a cart, and dispatched in haste out of the town, but fell into the hands of the victorious army. Not till then did the world know what sorts of punishment were meted out to the offenders of the law.

We are to remember that Nurembourg was a free city About thirty patrician families for a long time monopolized authority, and chose a council of state consisting of eight persons who formed the executive. This executive was an irresponsible body. The world knew nothing of their secret administration of affairs. Men disappeared, and no one knew what became of them.

An interesting relic of Arnold's march through Maine to Canada has just come to light in a piece of paper, with writing on it, as follows: "Dunkirk—with Arnold—1775." It was in a maple tree, which was probably cut in the town of Vassboro', and while being sawed at a mill here, a pine plug was cut into, which was covered with about nine inches of the tree, and on being removed a scrap of paper bearing the above in pencil was found. It is, without doubt, genuine, being on paper such as was manufactured in the last century, and the outside end of the plug was entirely grown over, being covered by about ninety rings of the wood that could be counted! This is now in the hands of Rev. Wm. A. Drew; but it is hoped that it will be placed in some public collection, this bit of paper being of much interest as bearing the name of Arnold written when at the zenith of honorable glory; and the tree which had it clasped in its heart is of interest as the last living thing that enshrined the name of Arnold as a true man.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction itself must be governed by it, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented, and to be able to move others we must be moved ourselves or at least seem to be so, upon some probable grounds.

Gov Flanders of Louisana is in Washington again. He has been visiting his relatives in New Hampshire.

A School Girl who Drove a Stage.

A TRUE STORY.

No happier school girls could be found than our company of ten, fresh from the vacation, and ready for the active duties of another term. We found the stage awaiting us at Hamilton, but were too weary to be conscious of our tedious ride to the Western Seminary. Soon it was growing dark, and looking out we observed we were traveling a new road. Our hearts sunk within us when we remembered the bloated face of our driver.—Could it be that he had fallen asleep, and left us to the mercy and wisdom of the unguided horses?

It was even so, our now clumsy vehicle jolted hither and thither over the rough stones. Above there was signs of a heavy shower. We were in a gloomy forest. Its topmost branches seem bending over us, as if inquiring into our sad condition. When could we emerge from its impenetrable depth? What new danger was before us? On one side was a deep ravine,—the road narrow; and the horses seemed to have already lost all presence of mind. I was the youngest, but largest of the company. Should I see danger and, not be their protector? Heaven forbid! I hurried to the horses, and led them by our immediate danger. The driver was stretched across his seat in a state of sound intoxication and the reins were on the ground. After several attempts, I succeeded in climbing up to the seat. With a great effort I removed him to one side; but this awoke him. The rain now poured down.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"The protector of these horses, this stage, yourself and these young ladies," I answered.

"Who called you to this office?" he half-vacantly asked.

"Stern necessity," I replied. "Yourself asleep, the reins on the ground, and the stage on the verge of a deep descent, impelled me to be the driver."

"I'll drive myself," he said.

What should I answer? My feelings were aroused to the reality of our situation,—an intemperate driver, now half recovered from the effects of his dream. Never before had I discovered the merit of that beautiful verse, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." I told him that rum made a king incapable. Before I was aware he was sound asleep. The rain was falling fast, but my sister handed me an umbrella. With the reins in one hand, and the umbrella in the other I drove as best I could.

The restless driver soon awoke, and called for "his bottle." Having found it he was about to drink; when *I* stayed his hand, and said, "do not drink it. It is destroying your body and if persisted in will destroy your soul."

"Who made you Judge?" he asked. "You must either drink yourself or vacate this seat."

A new difficulty was before me! Was it not enough that I had taken the drivers seat? Could I be influenced by fear, by a drunkard, to taste of the poison? There is in all things a right and a wrong. My heart beat convulsively. But one alternative was before me. Either vacate the seat and suffer the half conscious man to drive over that dangerous road, drive myself and drink his rum. "Never!" my heart answered; "I can never taste it," —"*Never!*" my mouth muttered.

"Do you persist?" he said, fixing his fiery eyes upon me.

"I persist," *I* replied.

He gazed at me for one half minute: and then one gleam of reason lit up his face, as he said, "Whoever you are, *I* honor your decision I know I am unable to hold the reins; but, oh, this burning thirst!"

"Drink water," I said, "from God's gushing fountain."

While he was talking, *I* contrived to reach the bottle with one hand; and bidding him look at the gathering clouds, I tossed it out.

He did not notice it, but proceeded to tell me his story. He said he had graduated at one of our Western colleges; and it was *there* that he had contracted the fearful habit!

"Break off *at once,*" I replied. "You will never regret it."

"Do you think I can?" he inquired.

"I am certain you can," I replied.

"Look at me," he said

I looked and beheld a fearful face, yet a well developed head and finely chiselled forehead.

"Is your judgment now the same?" he inquired.

"It is," I replied.

"Where did I put my bottle?" he said. "I must have rum. There is nothing that can satisfy me.

As he went hunting for it *I* beheld over the hill the glittering dome of our seminary. Was it not providential, that, amid additional discouragements, the place of my destination was in view?

"I must have my rum," he continued, "Could it have fallen out?"

I told him that undoubtedly, if he could not find it, it must have got out: and if so was probably beyond recovery.

"But I must have it" said he.

"Do not trouble me about what *I* cannot give you," I replied When *I* reach the seminary I will give you something better than rum."

"What is it?" he eagerly asked.

"You shall know in time," I said.

"Provoking!" said he, "that you will not tell me;" and he muttered some incoherent sentence and soon fell asleep.

Happy was I, yes, happy driving the stage; for the drunkard was asleep, and I was nearing the seminary. *Never* can I forget the astonished face of our principal when she saw me in so exalted a position My precious cargo were by no means slow in telling their own adventure.

"Is it possible?" she said.

At this moment the drunkard awoke, and with not a little chagrin attempted to show off his chivalry. The girls would not suffer him to help them out: but *I* did not object, for *I* found myself so stiff, and besides, *I* wanted him to feel manly. "Manly!" you will say. "What! desire one who has thus behaved to feel manly?"

Yes manly, for it was in my heart to save that man. *If* he would *sign a pledge,* he must feel himself a man. Once rid of this belief, and all might be lost. Besides, he had manifested a desire to reform, and there was hope.

The girls paid their fare, *I* told the driver if he would sign the pledge, I would give it to him.

"If *I* could only keep it," he replied.

"You assuredly can in another's strength," *I* said, and invited him in: for I had not forgotten my promise of something better than rum.

He went into the parlor, and *I* obtained a dish of chocolate for him.

"You are killing me with kindness," he said, as *I* entered the room with chocolate and a light supper on a tray, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Meanwhile, I obtained a temperance pledge and asked for his signature.

"*I* will sign it," said the penitent and sober man; and he did sign it.

That pledge was kept. He became a successful teacher, and afterwards a lawyer. He was among the first to answer to our country's call for volunteers. In the battle of Pittsburg Landing, there he perished no braver soldier, no warmer advocate of temperance, no more devoted Christain, than Jas. Fitzgerald.

Why Young Men do not Marry.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, recently preached a sermon in Chicago on "Our Daily Bread," in the course of which he discussed social questions, and explained why young men do not marry:

"When one said lately in the presence of a frank, outspoken young woman in this city, that the reason why young men do not marry was that their wives would not be content to begin to live in a homely fashion, after they had been raised in luxury, she replied, 'the woman is quite as willing as the man to do that, and I know of no woman in the circle of my acquaintance who would not be content, for the sake of the man she loved, to cast her lot with him and make his interest in every way her own.' I believe the young woman spoke the truth. When I hear a man living in chambers and constant in his attendance at play and opera say 'I dare not marry, because I know no woman would live as one should have to live,' I say to myself, it may be true, but it looks very much like old Adam, who ate the apple and then turned around and laid the blame on the woman. Let this be as it will. Here is the dismal fact staring us everywhere in the face, and in no place more painful than in our own city, that for social, conventional, or still worse reasons, the best youth of the country is held back from its most sacred duty as well as its most perfect felicity—falls into the sad mistake of a long engagement, in which the pain and disappointment falls hardest on the woman; or the young man shuts his eyes and his heart when the spirit walking among the golden lamps whispers to him of some maiden, 'That is thy wife,' and says 'No, not yet for many a year to come'—and so marries at last away on in life, when both lines have become set in their own fashion, and their love is hardly long enough to give them the kindly mutual forbearance towards what is dissimilar in character and disposition, until they can become

"Self reverent and reverencing each
Alike in individualities,"

and so the best of the days of the best of our youth go by and find 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'

"In the name of all that is sacred, I ask why this is, and get for my answer, 'We cannot afford it.' The young farmer can afford it on the prairie; the miner on Superior; the woodman on the peninsula; the carpenter at his bench; the smith at his anvil; the operative at his frame or loom; the 'longshoreman and the sailor. That cluster of men down there in Pennsylvania, and those in Yorkshire whose mere young men were with me long years ago, lost no time and asked no questions, because some night instinct told them they must do that or worse—worse in any and every way they could look at it; and so I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how speedily these found the wife and went to housekeeping in one room or two, as they could manage it, and made the hammer ring with a new music, and gradually got their house and household goods, and the world has never failed them, no, not for a day; but through dark future and bright, and sickness and strength, they have found the deepest experiences of their life each with the other, for the Great Heart and Interpreter go together on their pilgrimage, and now they see their children coming up to manhood and womanhood about them, with the freshness of their own youth in their hearts, and know, though probably they cannot tell, the deep content of a life ordered after the fashion God gave them when he created them man and woman.

"But here are men with noble powers, with faculties that will insure them a greater place, living in the most plentiful land on the globe, evening themselves through the years of their youth with the poor lost tribe of ballet-singers, the loneliest of all those to whom God had given a chance, and when you get at their real reason it is either one or the other of these. They cannot believe what, if they have lived in the country, they have seen twenty times to be true of the birds that sing about us everywhere: that new exigencies tap new energies, and the little fellow who, a few weeks ago, had quite enough to do to take care of himself, is now caring for a nest full just as successfully. They do not believe that the Maker who made their life of itself a natural prayer for daily bread, has provided that the answer shall be equal to the cry; or when they pray they mean by daily bread board for two at the Sherman, the privilege to attend parties three times a week throughout the whole winter, to take a trip to Saratoga in Summer, and miss no chance at any other pleasure, however expensive. Let it be that or a shred of that which makes this failing in the flower of the youth of America—the men from Harvard or Yale and all of their fine quality—and the thoughtful cannot but deplore the education that can curse the blossoming of youth to come to such an untimely end.

Jerks as a Base Ballist.

Health and amusement!

Being in search of these commodities we joined a base ball club.

We had watched the game day after day; had taken particular notice of all the points; had studied the rules and explanations until we could repeat them verbatim; had applauded all fine playing at the same time satisfied that it was so easy to do this and that, in fact, was satisfied we could make our mark as ballist.

Went out to practice.

Had a position assigned us on the right flank as skirmisher.

But here we did'nt show off to much advantage, and we were ordered to close in.

We closed in and afterwards called short stop.

We felt better here as there was something to do (We wouldn't like loafing if we are playing b. b.)

Prepared for a catch, and got it—the ball was coming right at us—struck an attitude, and took the ball handsomely on the point of our little finger, from which it flew like lightning to a position directly under our left eye, where it halted a moment and then went to purgatory—us top.

Here is where some of the amusing part of the game comes in.

But the amusement is for the spectators, not us.

The Captain said something about "muffins" or "muggins," we did'nt distinctly understand which, if we had there would have been a pugilistic encounter.

Our base of operations were again changed our captain sending us to the first base.

Our position here was indicated by a small pillow filled with sawdust, made on purpose for the conveinence of players who are tired.

We were tired.

And took a sitting posture.

The captain ordered us up.

We said "pass."

We have since learned to "pass" was asking him to pass the ball to you and we had no more than spoken the mysterious word before the ball was making directly for us.

We don't like to have things thrown at us, and not wishing to get hit, we played strategy and vacated the base, letting the ball go where it had a mind to.

Then our position was changed again, and were sent to catch.

We did better here.

Catching everything—but the ball.

Caught the devil from the captain, and all sorts of mean and low remarks from the outsiders.

Spectators should never be permitted on a base ball field.

They most always get up more base bawl than the players. Which ain't right.

After a while our side got in, and we had a rtrike. (N. B.—We had been receiving strikes ever since we commenced.)

Now we had a chance to punish the ball.

Took the cue in our hand, and when the ball came up we made for it and hit it.

It flew of and caromed on the red head of the umpire, who said—Fow-owl-l!

This made us mad, as we were no fowl, and told him he was no gentleman to be calling us names.

But he didn't pay any attention to it, and the ball came by again. This time hit it and run.

As we reached the first pillow and were about sitting down to rest, the boss yelled out: "Run, your base."

This was an insult, we were bound to resent, and putting our hands in our pockets we took up a position among the spectators, determined not to play ball with any one who called us foul and base.

We were afterwards induced to play umpire some, however.

This disgusted most every one.

All sorts of good things were said about us, such as: "Partial cuss."

"Don't know nothin' about rules," "Darned old fool," and such like compliments, pleasant to sensitive people.

The amusement part of the game is with the spectators.

We don't know where the health is, unless it is in a black eye, broken finger, sprained ankles, and stiff joints generally

We resigned, and in as good order as possible.

Not any more base ball for

JENTLEMAN JERKS.

THE MYSTERY OF CHOLERA.—The present manifestations of cholera in this country do not tend to lessen the absolute mystery of the disease. Its grim secret seems past finding out. It is raging in central Kansas and some parts of the Indian territory with the same virulence that attends its attacks in large and neglected cities. One would think that the primitive freshness of the earth and sweetness of the air on the plains would expel the epidemic, or at least lessen its deadliness. Out there no sewers or foul streets and slums breed contagion; no vaults spread miasma; no bone boiling vats poison the air; no tenement houses nourish the pestilence. The frontiersman breathes the pure atmosphere, eats course wholesome food, and takes abundant physical exercise. The conditions of his daily life, according to popular theories, ought to render him proof against cholera.